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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVII Number 3074

27 JULY 1960

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Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s.; £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

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THE PICTURE NOBODY SHOWS








For sailing in the Solent, this member of the Yacht Class (see page 156) wears red Daks shorts in linen and Terylene (£4) and matching cotton shirt (£2 2s. 6d.). From Simpson, Piccadilly. photographed on the *Fairey Atalanta* by DESMOND RUSSELL

ONLY an immigration official knows just how ghastly most people look in their passports. For that little photograph (laughingly known as a likeness) in the blue book is probably the most closely guarded of personal secrets, on a par with the never-mentioned middle name your parents stuck you with. But by dint of suitable sweet talk The Tatler has managed to persuade some well-known people to share their secret, and for purposes of comparison Betty Swaebe has taken some less ruthless pictures of these brave volunteers. See *You'd never guess it was me—or would you?* (page 143 onwards). Elizabeth Smart adds some reflections on the futility of passports in general, which when you come to think about it do certainly put everybody to a lot of trouble without showing any particular return. . . . This is the peak time for digging out passports (which was what prompted the idea) and it is also the high season for sailing, which is what set somebody thinking about yachts and who owns them. Lloyd's Register tells a lot, but it isn't exactly easy reference for landlubbers. So this week's issue duly presents a simplified social register of the seagoing set, *The Yacht Class* (pages 156 onwards). . . . There is also some social news for yachtsmen: a report of the Royal Norfolk & Suffolk Yacht Club's regatta at Lowestoft (page 149) and the dances that went with it. . . . Continuing the salty flavour, the fashion pages show some new swimsuits that last-minute buyers will still be able to find (page 160 onwards). . . .

Christian Fairfax, who was last heard from photographing bulls in the wild Camargue, has been focusing on tamer specimens at the Bath and Norfolk shows. Her pictures of *Show Time* evoke the spirit of a typical outdoor event that absorbs the energies of country people by the thousand. . . . Another piece of the English scene is captured by Lewis Morley in his pictures of the Lord Mayor's banquet for the bishops (page 168). . . .

Next week: Murals make a comeback. . . .

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GOING PLACES



SOCIAL

Goodwood Races to 29 July.

Cliveden Garden Party & Fete, Maidenhead, 30 July, 2.30-5.30, in aid of the Bucks & Berks St. John Ambulance Brigade. Entrance: 1s. Adults, 6d. children, 2s. 6d. cars.

Cowes Week, 30 July-6 August (fireworks night 5th).

Royal London Yacht Club Cowes Week Ball, 2 August, Northwood House, Cowes. Tickets: 2 gns. from the Hon. Secretary, R.L.Y.C., Cowes.

Royal Dublin Horse Show, 2-6 August.

Land Gala, Summer Sporting Club, Monte Carlo, 5 August, in aid of Croix Rouge Monegasque.

SPORT

Cricket: Surrey v. South Africans, The Oval, today to 29 July; Glamorgan v. South Africans, 30 July, 1, 2 August. Canterbury Cricket Week (Kent v. Hampshire and Derbyshire), 30 July, 5 August.

Archery: British National Championships, Oxford, today to 30 July. **Felo**: Goodwood Week Tournament, Cowdray Park, to 1 August.

National Gliding Week: Sutton Bank, Yorkshire; Dunstable, Beds; Gt. Hucklow, Derbyshire; Edgehill, Warwickshire. To 1 August.

Tennis: International Club of Gt. Britain v. Oxford & Cambridge (past & present), Eastbourne, 1, 2 August.

Athletics: Gt. Britain v. France, White City, 30 July, 1 August.

MUSICAL

Sadler's Wells, Ballet Rambert season to 30 July. (TER. 1672/3.)

Festival Ballet: Royal Festival Hall, 28 July, *Prince Igor*; 29 July, *Romeo*

& *Juliet*; 1 August (matinee), *London Morning*. First perfs. this season. (WAT 3191.)

Museum Gallery Concert, Victoria & Albert Museum. Philomusica of London in Vivaldi, Bach, Malcolm Arnold. 7.30 p.m., 31 July. (WEL 8418.)

Beaulieu Jazz Festival, Palace House, Beaulieu, 7.30 p.m., 30 July-1 August. (Beaulieu 374.)

Royal Eisteddfodd, Cardiff, 1-6 August.

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. Tonight, Basil Cameron; 28 July, Sir Eugene Goossens; 29 & 30 July, Sir Malcolm Sargent; 1 August, Basil Cameron; 2 August, Colin Davis. (KEN 8212.) **Holland Park Symphony Concert**, 8 p.m., 31 July.

ART

Picasso (retrospective), Tate Gallery to 18 September.

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly, to 14 August.

Denis Mathews (drawings of Morocco), Agnew's, Old Bond St., to 13 August.

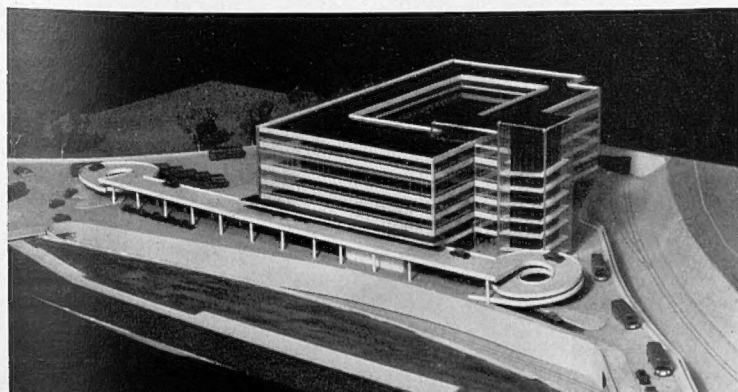
English Horse & Hound Painters, Pitt-Rivers Museum, Farnham, Blandford, Dorset, to 21 August.

FESTIVALS

Hintlesham Festival, Hintlesham Hall, Ipswich, to 1 August.

King's Lynn Festival, to 30 July.

B.E.A.'s new permanent Air Terminal modelled here is scheduled for completion in 1963. Set between the Underground tracks at West Kensington, the terminal will handle up to seven million passengers a year—twice the present total



Devon Festival, Barnstaple, 30 July-7 August.

Folk Dance Festival, Exmouth, 30 July-6 August.

EXHIBITIONS

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 2 October.

Son et Lumière, Norwich Cathedral, to 17 September.

Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen Exhibition, Painswick, 31 July-20 August.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royal Court Theatre. *I'm Talking About Jerusalem*. Tonight.

Lyric, Hammersmith, *Miss Julie*, and *The Proposal*, 28 July.

Empire Pool, Wembley. *Moscow State Circus*, 29 July.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 171.

A Man For All Seasons. "... difficult stage biography done honestly and with a quiet distinction ... quietly compelling ... much to enjoy." Paul Scofield, Andrew Keir, Alexander Gauge, Leo McKern. (Globe Theatre, GER 1592.)

FILMS

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 172.

G.R. = General Release

The Gazebo. "... my favourite character in this somewhat unethical but undeniably amusing trifle is a charming and co-operative pigeon, name of Herman." Glenn Ford, Debbie Reynolds, G.R.

GOING PLACES TO EAT



by John
Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

The Marquis, Mount Street, (GRO 1256.) C.S. Here director Fiori has created an elegant atmosphere with a skilful combination of brown velvet banquettes, dark green curtains, and polished wood tables and walls. The cooking is basically Italian, and the *artichokes vinaigrette* are particularly good. There is a full licence with wine by the glass or bottle. Quick and friendly service. W.B.

The Gore, 189 Queens Gate, S.W.7. (KNI 4222.) Restaurant open on Sundays. The French country pattern wall paper in shades of blue sets off the long blue linen curtains, and a fine and unusual mirror. I do not think that Brillat-Savarin would have quarrelled with the food, especially the Sole Gore, and certainly not with the wine list—one of the largest and finest I have seen. There are also sound wines by the glass from the barrel. W.B.

The Shires, St. Pancras Station. In a corner of one of London's few remaining massive examples of Victoriana is this bright, modern restaurant. I have had breakfast in it at 7.30 a.m. and supper just before 11 p.m. Both were good. Sensible dishes, wines in quarter bottles or by the glass. The service will not make you miss your train. The Shires is proof that railway catering is on the up-grade.

Grinzinger Stuberl, 39 Albemarle Street, W.1. (HYD 9776.) C.S. If you wish to read your evening paper

in solitude, this should not be your choice. But if you have a cheerful companion or companions, like rich Viennese food and the music that goes with it, it should. You can imagine for an hour or so that you are closer to the Danube than the Thames. For those interested in unusual wines the dry Austrians are worth trying. W.B.

Jaspers, 4 Bourne Street, Sloane Square. (SLO 6445.) Open 5.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. C.S. In the 1900s this was a good pull up for vanmen and hansom-cab drivers, and young Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Pariser have re-created it as an Edwardian restaurant with brass lamps, coloured prints, marble-top tables and all. The well-cooked, moderately priced food is splendidly English—jellied eels, boiled beef and carrots and the like—and in the back-ground there is barrel organ music. Take your own bottle—no corkage charge—or send across the way. W.B.

Refuelling on A30

Hartley Wintney. White Lyon Hotel. (TEL. Hartley Wintney 37.) One needs a square meal to face the hazards of driving between London, Southampton and Salisbury, and such a meal is to be found at the White Lyon. In the restaurant good, sound, English cooking, including sometimes the lemon meringue that London restaurants seem to have forgotten. And at tables in the bar a satisfying cold meal, roast ribs of beef, ham, pork pie and so on. The beer is well kept, there is wine by the glass, and the staff are most polite. W.B.



GOING PLACES LATE

by Douglas

Sutherland

CLUBS, LIKE FILM STARS, HAVE their vogue. This week I report the end of the vogue of the Milroy, at least in the form in which the club has reigned in the West End these last few years. The owner, Mr. Johnny Mills, has closed it for the summer, and when he reopens it in September it will be in new premises (in the basement, instead of upstairs).

More important still, he hopes it will have something altogether new to offer in London night life: legal gambling. Mills, one of Mayfair's three Polish-born club operators (the others are Mr. Siegi Sessler of Siegi's Club and Mr. Rico Dajou of the Casanova), is banking on the new Gaming Act having received the Royal Assent. So far it has gone through with much less opposition than might have been expected, and I cannot imagine such a change in, say, our licensing laws being greeted with similar mild indifference. The gambling laws will still remain much stricter than on the other side of the Channel, but at least they will legitimize *chemin-de-fer* and other games of chance which have hitherto been the perquisite of the Continental casinos.

The growth of the illegal chemmy games has been a questionable feature of London night life. Apart

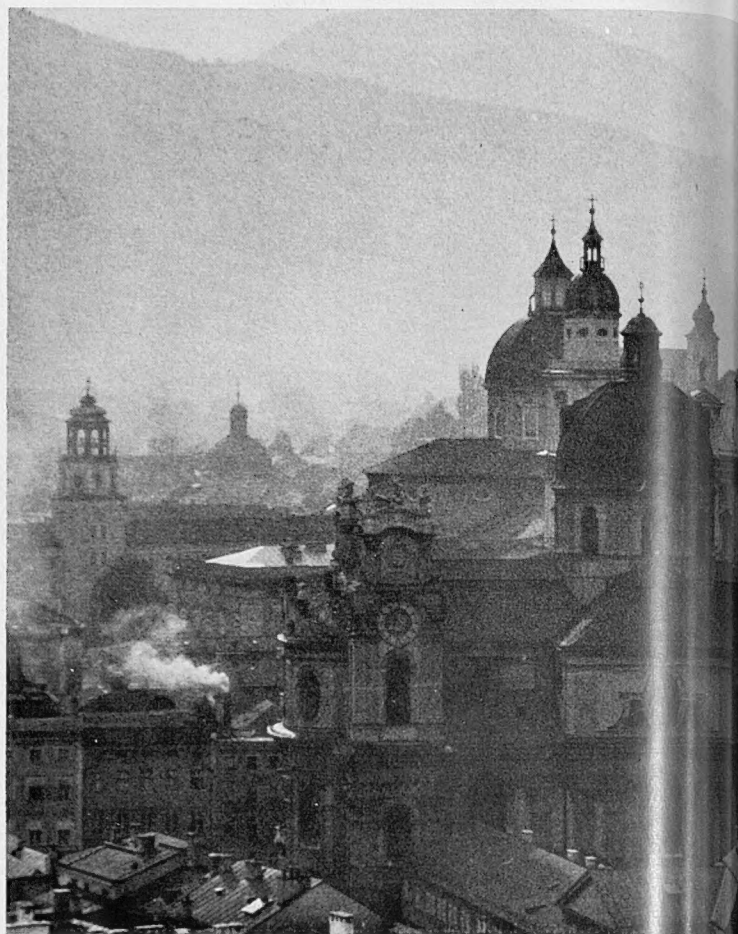
The Milroy's impressive staircase. The new Milroy will be in the basement instead of upstairs

from the comparatively rare occasions when the activities of the chemmy operators have featured in the press, there is scarcely a week without some private scandal that is being talked about around the bars and clubs. Not only have very large sums been lost in rather dubious circumstances, but players willing and able to pay their losses have sometimes found it impossible to collect if they win.

Chemmy, above all games, is one that should only be played in a place, where chips must be bought for cash before play is permitted. It is at once, I think, the most exciting and the most dangerous of all card games and it is a strong-willed player indeed who can resist the offer of extended credit so glibly offered by some of the mushroom operators in London.

The launching of *chemin-de-fer* under safe conditions will begin a new chapter for one of London's most famous houses, originally the Rothschilds' town mansion. Before it housed Les Ambassadeurs and the Milroy it was owned by Capt. Leonard Plugge who added to its considerable amenities by installing a private cinema. With its ornate gardens and magnificent view overlooking Hyde Park it should certainly provide a suitable setting for one of the most luxurious extravaganzas in the world—buying plastic plaques to wager on the turn of a card. It could only happen in England, though, that the management is denied a percentage by law.

The opening will be quite a milestone too for the Polish soldier who escaped from Poland to Lisbon during the German occupation of Europe, and arrived penniless in a blacked-out, war-stricken London. The club he then started with band-leader Harry Roy in Stratton Street was reached by a long improvised catwalk, which many averred to be more dangerous than the Blitz. I imagine, however, that many who made that perilous trip will be descending the lush tapestry-hung staircase in Hamilton Place to try their luck at the known perils of the gambling tables.



GOING PLACES ABROAD

by Doone Beal

Salzburg for pleasure

SALZBURG is one of those rewarding cities that looks just as you'd hoped, only better. For one thing, it has virtually no hideous suburbs to apologize for, and, apart from a spectacular new Conference Hall, puts up a most eloquent plea for the traditional. Though it was bombed it bears no visible scars, and the operation of grafting new buildings into the existing baroque has been done with great felicity. Originally designed largely by Italian architects, it was built for pleasure and is pretty all the way. One is enchanted by the light-hearted grace of the Mirabell Gardens built by the Prince Archbishop, Wolf Dietrich, for his mistress, to the great discomfiture of the Pope and the more conventional citizens of 17th-century Salzburg. Through these formal rose beds and statues the massive grey Hohensalzburg fortress—around which the old

city was built—extends in a long and lovely vista across the river. At night, when its floodlights are reflected in the water, it is almost ridiculously beautiful, too operative to be true. In the Mozart tradition, of course; Salzburg was his birthplace, and remains his shrine.

The city character is an interesting mixture of the bucolic and the elegant. There are the thigh-slapping folk dancers in *lederhosen* at the Stieggkellar, whom one can watch while dining at huge wooden trestle tables heavily weighted with vast beer tankards. There is the chamber music concert at the Mozarteum, and the spring-like white wine (though, alas, not the two together!). Then there are the gardens of Hellbrunn Castle, where statues of Orpheus playing to the sleeping Eurydice and Perseus proudly bearing Medusa's head stand side by side with toy theatres,





GERTI DEUTSCH

Domes and spires punctuate Salzburg's skyline dominated by the grey bulk of the Hohensalzburg fortress high above the city

August. One urgent quest on a recent visit was to find out how possible it is to get a hotel bed or tickets at this time. The answer is that last-minute chances are better than they were when booking opened in February. One can apply for tickets to the Salzburg Information Office of Poly Travel at 309 Regent Street, or to the Austrian Tourist Office at 219 Regent Street. If you arrive in Salzburg, as many people will, direct from Oberammergau, you can apply for accommodation to the local Tourist Office (Marktplatz 9, telephone 72531, or 74620). You are unlikely to go bedless, but you may be put up in a private house.

One can dine easily and comfortably after the theatre in Peterskeller, where they have a particularly delicious white wine (*Prelatenwein*) specially grown and bottled by a fraternity of monks near Vienna. Or at the huge Winkler Café, on top of the Mönchsberg near the castle, with a starry view of the city below. Or in the grillroom of the Oesterreichischer Hotel (known as the O.H. for short), on the river. Or the Bacchusstuben, where one dines in a wine cellar and where the chances of hearing an impromptu performance after the opera are highest. Salzburg does not sleep early. You can stretch the small hours at the Vis-à-Vis, a chic, intimate night spot on Getreidgasse. Dance—perhaps with more vigour—at the Alm Casino across the river, a taxi drive outside town. There is also a Casino proper, with chemmy and roulette, in the city centre. Or one might sit over a cognac and chocolate in the Glockenspiel or 'the Café Mozart.

Salzburg is a pleasantly untiring city to explore: one can wander (albeit on cobbled streets) round what matters most in a couple of hours before settling down to the more serious sightseeing, of which the Mozart Museum, with its wonderfully illuminated sets of the operas, its documents and manuscripts, is high on the list. Getreidgasse, the main shopping street, is less perilous to window gazers than most because no traffic is allowed in it. The best buys are gloves and leather things, and some extraordinarily inexpensive semi-precious stones (rose quartz, tourmaline and amethyst largely). I saw some pretty rings, nicely set, at around £10. B.E.A. have recently started a flight to Salzburg via Munich, at £37 11s. return, with flights on Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday.

water poured into animation. In these games Wolf Dietrich would amuse himself at the expense of his guests, having every other statue or piece of decoration wired, so to speak, for water. Only, in those days, protocol forbade one to get out of the way, and there must have been slightly clipped smiles and some very wet crinolines indeed.

At the substantial, marble-topped tables of the cafés plush-seated citizens conceal themselves behind huge newspapers (they come with your order), only laying them aside occasionally to stir a little more whipped cream into the coffee. The view from such a café is usually inspiring, for instance to the fountains of the Residenzplatz, with an extravagant sweep of baroque statuary comparable only to that of Rome and sculpted in the same image. Another characteristic is the Austrian's child-like love of the miniature: the Marionette theatre puts on a show almost every evening including some full-scale Mozart opera, and I do urge the sceptics (I now speak as a convert) to see it.

This year, the Salzburg Festival opens with a Mozart Mass in the new theatre (incidentally all the Festival buildings, converted from the old Riding School, are conveniently grouped together). Under Herbert Von Karajan's direction, it continues with opera and concerts by the Berlin and the Vienna Philharmonic until the end of

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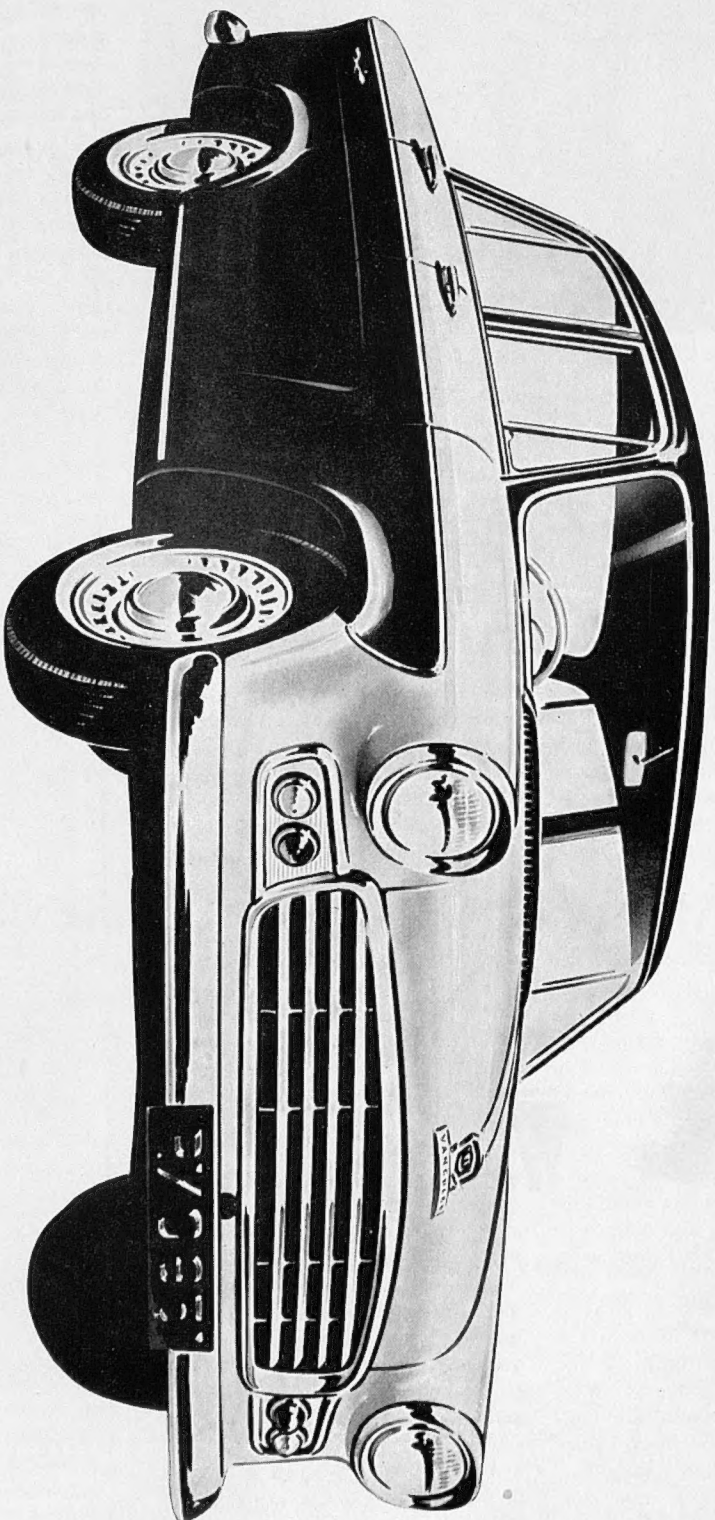
Deep Cleanser 7/-, 12/- and 19/6. Beauty Overnight Cream 12/-. Skin Dew 23/-. Silk Face Powder Special 10/6. Silk Tone Foundation Special 9/6. Silk Minute Make-Up Special 10/-, refills 6/3.



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*You'd
never
guess
it was
me*

OR WOULD YOU?

A glance inside some well-travelled passports, comparing the way their owners look in the full glare of bureaucracy and how they would rather their friends saw them. Writing with fellow-feeling about her own likeness in her passport ELIZABETH SMART raises doubts alongside about whether the whole system isn't pointless anyway

PHOTOGRAPHS
(but NOT the passport ones)
BY BETTY SWAEBE



LADY EDITH FOXWELL, wife of the film producer, had a different hairdo and a different make-up in her passport photograph—which isn't surprising, as it was taken in 1956

The season of fun, frivolity and foreign travel brings out like a black blight those intimidating funereal documents called passports, to be produced and owned up to by their embarrassed owners before any foreign fun is allowed to begin. But why? What do they really do and whom do they stop from doing what? Did you ever see anyone unfortunate enough to look like his, or even worse her, passport? And now, with hair changing colour weekly from salmon pink to jet black, with hairdos beehive or Bardot from day to day, with contact lenses to match each dress, plastic surgery, youth pills and other modern marvels, who can possibly prove they really are the person on the passport?

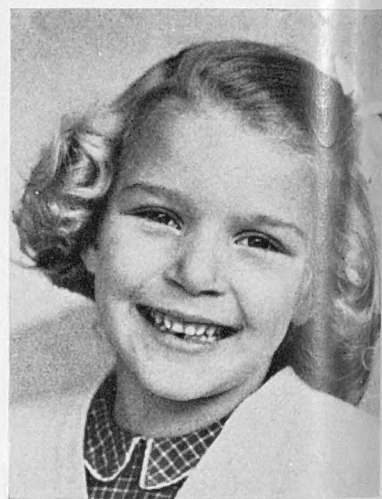
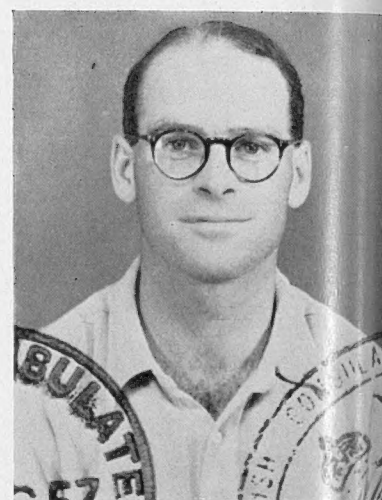
In the life of a passport a chap, too, can age past all recognition. He may have to wear glasses, or he may get fat, go bald, go puffy under the eyes. That's bad enough for him, poor fellow, without his having to face the doubtful looks when he presents a passport picture of a slim and



MRS. JOHN WARD is stuck with this official likeness (top) for another three years. She is lucky to have the sort of features that even head-on flash can't make disagreeable



CAPTAIN THE HON. JOHN HARDING son of the Field Marshal, didn't come too badly out of his encounter with the passport photographer three years ago. The next officials to be seeing the result will be in Aden—his latest posting.



You'd never guess it was me CONTINUED

elegant youth. As for a girl, having her age brought up in public over and over again can get her into a dangerous neurotic condition. It could even put criminal possibilities into her head for the first time. This ought to be gone into by some researching psychiatrist.

Getting a passport, also, is a process likely to remove any sense of security you might have managed to amass during the years. You have to find two persons considered by the Foreign Office in their quaint way to be above reproach: bank managers, solicitors, doctors, and so on. And these persons have to have known you for three years or more. How many bank managers have you? And wouldn't you keep any criminal tendencies from them with all your might? And doctors look at your larynx, not your morals. And everybody's moved away without leaving an address. And you get feeling more and more like an outcast of society, or a traitor, or just a liar. Besides, nowadays doctors are harassed enough with medical forms. No wonder some of them charge for signing their magic signatures that make you a person fit to travel abroad.

Until three years ago there was that Secretary of State bit, in which it seemed that you personally were the apple of his eye and under his constant benevolent care, and in which he threatened vengeance on any foreigner daring to obstruct you on your travels. It has now been rewritten. Now, timidly and meekly, he just hopes you'll be helped if possible.



MISS MARGARET DUCKETT, a deb this season (aged 18), has had her own passport since 1951, but a childhood picture was merely transferred to it from her mother's. She is now getting a new passport

Does the passport dismay criminals? Not at all! That's kindergarten stuff for them. They have dozens, to fit all their disguises. Clean and beautiful. With *flattering* passport pictures.

If you're honeymooning abroad and can't stand the shame of showing your maiden-name passport at all those hotels on the Continent, you have to apply for a new one well in advance (30/-), and your new passport can only be handed to you by the clergyman or the Registrar, along with your marriage lines. Then, I suppose, the bride slips it surreptitiously into her bouquet, or the groom sticks the stiff and uncompromising object into his trouser pocket, to make things even more uncomfortable for him at the wedding breakfast.

So why do we put up with passports? Far from a boon, the thing's just a traveller's bugaboo. You can, if you're stranded abroad, and your case is desperate and your manner persuasive enough, get your fare paid by the British Consul in exchange for your passport. But the thing he gives you that is supposed to get you over the various borders doesn't always work—anyway not smoothly. Remember not so long ago the model who fluttered back and forth between Paris and London, forced to live in the passportless skies, unable to land, until the necessary officials managed to coincide with the plane's landing? Passports are nothing but a nuisance. They're the next thing to abolish now that the foreign-travel allowance is done with.



MISS TESSA MILNE was in her deb year when her passport photograph was taken (1956). Since then she has moved on to modelling and is now designing dresses and doing some PR work



MISS SUSAN HAMPSHIRE the young actress from Julian Slade's musical Follow That Girl, had a new passport photograph this year. It gives her something of a startled-fawn look



MR. VASCO LAZZOLO's passport image is marred by ink blottings in the opposite page, caused by an official getting too much of a move on (once). He is the painter and sculptor



MISS EVELYN ANTHONY, the historical novelist, has a hairdo that suits her and has stuck to it. She is the wife of Mr. Michael Ward Thomas, has three children, and lives in Westminster



You'd never guess it was me . . . concluded

A WEEKEND IN SUFFOLK



After the races competitors and spectators gathered in the bar of the Royal Norfolk & Suffolk's clubhouse



Mrs. Rosemary Jenni and Mr. C. A. Boardman, vice-commodore of the Royal Norfolk & Suffolk, the Olympic gold medallist

Muriel Bowen reports

FOR THE WEEKEND I plunged into the depths of Suffolk. I spent a seasick day off Lowestoft watching the last of the series of races for the Edinburgh Cup. Often as I have been seasick in the past, I have never had more charming and considerate hosts than the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club. "Don't worry," they said, assuringly. "Nelson was always seasick!" We set off (the committee and me) in Mr. Percy Percival's *Seemaus*. There was a salty tang to the air—and to the conversation. "Wind? Blowing up at 98, sir. . . . Relief at the wheel? Wouldn't worry too much, sir, we've got a Royal Navy captain on board—presumably we can put him to work, sir. . . . Where do we go from here? Kessington marker, sir. At your convenience, sir—and if the gin won't run out!"

Mr. "Mike" Johnson, the Commodore, Capt. Phil Back and Col. Cecil Beevor, very composed, very used to this sort of thing, waited for the crack of the starting gun.

It was an exciting day's racing, with the Dragons pert and pouncing remorselessly along in a good stiff breeze. The lead changed several times, but eyes were riveted on the champion, Mr. Michael Crean. He was at the helm of *Venture*, easily picked out because of its green-and-white spinnaker (this gay colour combination was chosen by Mrs.

BRIGGS by Graham





Mr. J. F. Crean (smoking pipe) who won the Edinburgh Cup with *Venere*, sets out for the final day's racing



From left: *Sirenia*, *Karen* (which came second) and *Buccaneer* line up at the start of the Edinburgh Cup race for Dragons

Crean) and finally came in the winner. Mr. Kenneth Gumley of the Royal Yacht was runner-up with *Karen*, and Surgeon-Lieut. Ross Coles sailed the royal yacht *Bluebottle* (now a comparatively old boat by racing standards) into third place, with Surgeon-Lieut. Michael Mead and Mr. Ian Mead as crew.

There were a number of women crewing, and I noticed in particular Mrs. Rosemary Jenni, an accomplished member of the crew of *Solar*, from the host club.

After racing there was an excellent dinner at the club house—built by the Great Eastern in the more spacious days of railroading—and it was accompanied by bellringing of considerable volume even by Viscount Hailsham's standards. Virtually everybody made a speech, with Mr. Clive Smith, who is in day-to-day charge of the royal racing yachts making the most pithy contribution of all. His account of how Mr. Nigel Wildler was hauled along for fifty yards under water by a troublesome spinnaker was full of highly descriptive detail. Mr. Wildler laughed as much as everybody else.

SITTING OUT ON THE MOAT

From Lowestoft on to Boxted Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, where Mrs. John Weller-Poley and Mrs. Dermot Musker were launching their daughters, Miss Tessa Loveday and Miss Min Musker. It was a very imaginative frolic. A steel band hurled music across the floodlit pleasure grounds, and intrepid couples took to punts on the moat. Indeed it was 5.45 a.m. and broad daylight when the last punt returned to its moorings (pictures overleaf).

There was dancing in the "nightclub" in the garden, as well as in the hall of this fine Elizabethan house, with its wood panelling making a perfect backdrop for Mrs. David Keith's floral pieces, artistically arranged with concealed floodlighting. Sir Geoffrey & Lady Bates also helped with the pre-party work. Mrs. Weller-Poley told me: "We gave our friends all sorts of odd jobs to do—in fact we had no qualms about roping them in."

The ball sent social ripples across the Suffolk countryside, and those giving house parties for it included: Lady Hyde-Parker, Mrs. Ivor Buxton, Mrs. Harry Birkbeck, Lord & Lady Fisher, Capt. & Mrs. C. R. Peacock, and Lady Margaret Van Cutsem.

A SUFFOLK FESTIVAL OF MUSIC

On my way down to Suffolk, my first stop was Hintlesham Hall, where the Mid-Summer Ball—the kickoff to the Summer Festival—was in progress. The Hintlesham Festival, like Glyndebourne, derives its character from an English country house. Mr. Antony Stokes, like Mr. John Christie, is a practical businessman. Their formulae differ, though. Mr. Stokes depends on voluntary help and gives the profits to charity. Like his brother, the late Mr. Dick Stokes, the Labour M.P., Mr. Stokes has a persuasive way with him.

"Why shouldn't I get artists for nothing when I can?" he said to me. "They love coming and I give them a darned good time in a country-house atmosphere." And that "darned good time" promise was enough to get Marina Svetlova, prima ballerina at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, to fly the Atlantic last year, just to appear at Hintlesham.

Ten years ago Hintlesham was no more than folk-dancing on the lawn. This year's festival includes three performances of Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte*, and special coaches will bring operagoers from London. Mr. Stokes has indeed amazed his friends. "I don't know how you get away with all this success, Tony," commented Sir John Rothenstein at the ball. "Down where I live (Oxfordshire) you could put on a show like this, but you could not be sure that anybody at all would come."

Certainly Hintlesham has made a niche in Suffolk life. Those whom I met at the ball included: the Hon. Victor Saumarez & Mrs. Saumarez (she is President of the Festival Club), the High Sheriff, Mr. Stanley Pearson, Mr. & Mrs. Cavendish Morton, and Col. Robert Adeane, who in the last few months has bought the Quilter estate.

BRAINPOWER AT THE PALACE

Another royal garden party, and another crush on the lawns of Buckingham Palace. The lawns, of course, are vast, but there is the inevitable crush round the Queen, Prince Philip, the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal Family. Contrary to general belief, the people to whom members of the Royal Family speak have *not* been decided in advance. It is just a matter of who catches the Equerry's eye. Hence the polite elbowing to be in the front row. I noticed that

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

the **Earl of Scarbrough**, who was introducing guests to the Queen, picked them every sixth or so round the circle which formed round her. **Major Mark Milbank** usually turned to whoever was nearest to him and introduced them to Prince Philip.

Everybody wanted to see, and if possible to meet, **Princess Margaret**. A crowd several thousand strong formed round her and it looked as if both she and **Mr. Armstrong-Jones** must, at times, have been near suffocation. The Princess was outstandingly *chic* in a satin coat of deep rose, and the type of hat she's been wearing again and again this year—a top hat of tulle. This particular one was white, with red and pink roses scattered on it.

As always at the royal garden parties guests were drawn from all sections of British life. But it is thought at the Palace that a royal garden party has never before had such an assemblage of brainpower. There was a muster of Fellows of the Royal Society, who this year celebrate their tercentenary, and their president, **Sir Cyril Hinshelwood**, was presented to the Queen.

I saw the **Earl of Rosse** (stepfather of **Mr. Armstrong-Jones**) strolling through the gardens alone, and others at the party included the **Duke & Duchess of Fife**, **Sir Kenneth Blackburne** (Governor of Jamaica) & **Lady Blackburne**, who are home on leave, **Lord & Lady Fraser of Lonsdale**, **Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Nicholson**, and **Sir Geoffrey & Lady Hutchinson**.

Still more were the Australian High Commissioner, **Sir Eric Harrison**, who introduced **Mr. Frank Menzies** to the Queen. **Mr. Menzies**, a brother of the Australian Prime Minister, recently served on the Monekton Commission in the Federation of Rhodesia & Nyasaland. **Lord Casey**, until recently Minister for External Affairs (he'd got the best-cut grey morning coat I saw), & **Lady Casey** were other Australians.

But the Australian who made my day—and the day of those within earshot in the tea tent—was the lady who, having surveyed the lawns, commented: "It's all marvellously grand, but they're much more dressed up coming to Government House, Queensland."

FIND THE PRINCE

Another royal occasion last week was the reception given by the **Libyan Ambassador & Mme. Busairi** to meet the Crown Prince, **Prince Hassan Al-Rida Al-Senussi**. Large black cars flying national pennants kept driving round the neighbouring blocks for as much as 45 minutes before finding the Libyan Embassy. All because "58 Princes Gate" is, in fact, half-way down Exhibition Road. "Who're the snobs?" I asked an Embassy official when I arrived. A cloud of distress covered his face but it quickly turned to humour. "The house agents," he answered.

The Crown Prince, a shy young man in long black soutane, was here on a private visit which included an afternoon at Vickers-Armstrong and a day's racing at Ascot.

Those who came to the Embassy to meet him included, the **Hon. Richard Wood**, Minister of Power, & **Mrs. Wood**, **Mr. & Mrs. A. D. M. Ross**, **Earl & Countess Attlee**, **Mr. & Mrs. Robert Whyte Mason**, **Dame Mary Smieton**, and **Sir Eugen & Lady Effie Millington-Drake**.

WHERE WOMEN SCORE . . .

When it comes to teenage horsemen and horsewomen we've been unbeatable for years. Three years in a row we've captured the European Junior Team Championship and we shall hope to hold it at the Venice Show starting tomorrow. So to see how our young entry was shaping I went down to the new All-England Jumping Course & Show Ground at Hinkstead, Sussex. After several days of schooling under **Col. Paul Rodzianko** a set-up of two boys and two girls was decided on.

The girls picked were **Jane Kidd**, who is Lord Beaverbrook's granddaughter and a 17-year-old of promise as an international rider, and **Elizabeth Broome**, whose brother David is on our Olympic Team. The boys picked were **Douglas Coakes** and **Michael Cresswell**.

I asked **Col. Rodzianko** (star rider in Russia in the days of the Czars,

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Mr. Julian Watson and Miss Elizabeth Newman are helped to embark



PHOTOS: D. O'NEILL

Miss Tessa Loveday, in whose home the dance was given

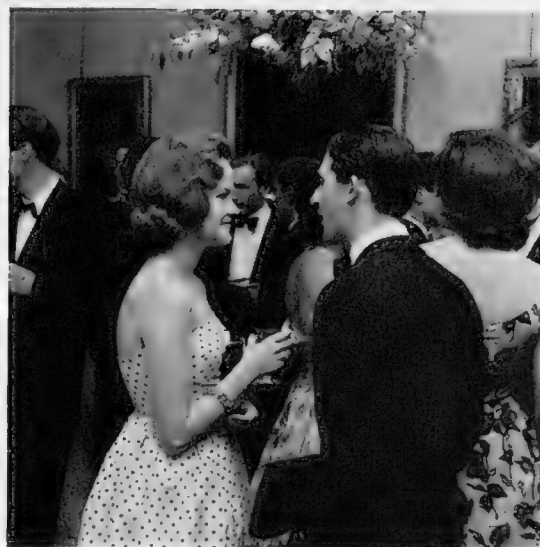


Mrs. John Weller-Poley (Tessa Loveday's mother) & Mrs. Dermot Musker, the party's co-hostesses. With them Mrs. Musker's father, Capt. the Hon. Oliver FitzRoy, R.

Opposite: The boats on the moat were a must. Also here: Miss Min Musker, the other debutante for whom the dance was given, and Mr. Peter Hodgkins

Sitting-out on the moat

at a joint deb party at Boxted Hall, Bury St. Edmund



The Hon. John Dewar, Lord Forteviot's heir, and Miss Olivia Turton

Left: Miss Sara Limmer and Mr. Ian Hamilton





Hungarian-style party—complete with gipsy band—marked the coming-out of Miss Janet Adorian, 17-year-old only daughter of Mr. Paul Adorian, managing director of AR-TV. The party was held at Gibbons Mill, the Adorian country home at Billingshurst, Sussex. The house takes its name from an old water mill in the grounds

PHOTO: A. V. SWABEE

and trainer of the Irish Army to greatness between the wars) what he thought of present-day English riding.

"A greatly improved standard," he said. "But too many riders, not enough horsemen. Too little science, too much banging about with legs without knowing what it's all about! The good men are good. But the average Englishwoman is better than the average man on a horse. Englishwomen are more supple, more gentle, more subtle . . . and given the figure they look divine."

TWO VIEWS OF BIOGRAPHY

Autobiographies are rolling still from the printing presses and I was fascinated to hear what Mr. Cecil Day Lewis had to say about his, *The Buried Day*, which he had just finished:

"You show off a little and friends and relations call you 'inhibited.' You see yourself in the role of a minor Establishment figure and your immediate circle—from which you might have expected some encouragement—dismiss your efforts as 'smug.'"

"Honesty is difficult, and confession leads to the temptation to play up those charming little foibles and venial sins which are readable, especially if just a little bit untrue. All of us who write autobiographies hope that people are as interested in us as we are in ourselves and, oddly,

that's true." Mr. Day Lewis was speaking at a Foyle's Literary Luncheon at the Dorchester.

Mr. Cyril Hankinson, editor of Debrett, told me about his own rarefied brand of biography. "Certain individuals get very annoyed indeed," he said, keeping as precisely to the point as does the latest volume of his handsomely-bound scarlet-and-gold volume, "though I would not say we annoy a whole lot of people. My great anxiety is to try and stop Debrett growing so much—in the latest edition there are 3,700 pages. One way is to keep dropping those, when the mother dies, whose descent is through the female line. That gets certain ladies very upset.

"Then there are those—a couple every year—who get an honour and write saying they don't want to be in, as they don't want self-advertisement. Much to their annoyance we do put them in . . . though there are those with O.B.E.s who would give anything to be in, but who don't make the grade."

Debrett turns up in the oddest places. I once remember going into a Colonial outpost at Kano looking for the local telephone directory. They didn't have the directory, but they did have Debrett. "At least Kano has a post office," commented Mr. Hankinson drily. "But we had a request for Debrett last year from an island off the coast of the Argentine that didn't even have a post office."



DANCING DODDLE was a puppet. Miss Allegra Kent Taylor worked the strings. Candy Floss (below) for Miss Jeannette Constable Maxwell, with her: Mr. Peter Talbot-Ponsonby



PHOTOS: A. V. SWAEBE

Miss Faith Wright dancing with Viscount Anson
Below: Miss E. Abel Smith with Mrs. Kent Taylor and daughter Nike whose dance it was



RINGING THE ROD tested the skill of Mr. Simon Ward-Thompson, watched by Mr. Mark Heathcoat-Amory and Miss Helene Verrier. Bracing the wire: Miss Linda Fisher



Diversions for debutantes

SWIVELLING HORSE unseated many. Miss Celia Pitman was held on by Mr. Charles Hector-Duncan





LORD KILBRACKEN

The Towel Saga: a sequel

THE EDITOR of THE TATLER is a long-suffering man. A couple of days ago, I received a plaintive, lacerate query from him. "Just what," he asked, "have you been up to now?"

I can't blame him. He enclosed a mimeographed letter which had reached him, it seems, from one of those high-powered institutions which will promote (or try to promote) virtually anything.

"Describe it began simply (and affectionately).

"There will be more to the MARTEX TOWEL show than your invitation card indicates. There will be more following.

"Commentary by LORD KILBRACKEN—witty writer of pungent personality. Comedy from LENNY THE LION through his master, TERRY HALL.

"On a raised stage, a complete bathroom scene. In the bathroom, a model girl draped in bathsheet after bathsheet to demonstrate the multitude of printed designs in the MARTEX range. Two more model girls—one in attendance on LORD KILBRACKEN, one in attendance on LENNY THE LION.

"We hope that you, or your representative, will be able to come and see this get-together of Americans, Ulstermen, LORD KILBRACKEN from Southern Ireland, the Ventriloquist and the Press." (Sic.)

I suppose I've got a good bit of explaining to do, pungently and wittily. The whole thing began, Sir, with that article I wrote on this page a couple of months ago concerning my somewhat strained relationship with a certain firm of towel-makers in New York, to wit, the Martex Division of Wellington Sears Company. You may recall that they had stated, in a full page ad in an American magazine, that (*inter alia*) they had sent me "a whole dozen" of their \$10 towels; but that the said towels had somehow never managed to reach me.

I also revealed my plans for obtaining, gratis, a whole dozen of Mercedes-Benz cars.

The article in question was brought in due

course to the attention of Mr. William D. Hartman, Vice-President in charge of the said Martex Division. His minion, Mr. John Little II, wrote to me in part as follows:

"Guess you caught us off base [a metaphor derived, I believe, from the baseball field]. Here all these years we've thought you'd be luxuriating in our peerless towels and suddenly we find you never received them.

"Not desiring that you should spend another winter shivering in the draughty baths of Killegar, we are sending you, not a dozen, but a fourteen piece set of our fluffy beauties, suitably embellished. Hope you get a Mercedes, too."

I wrote expressing my anticipatory gratitude—the two extra towels, I assumed, were in the nature of interest—and it wasn't very long before I heard from the Vice-President himself. By a strange coincidence, he told me, he was on the point of launching Martex towels on the unsuspecting inhabitants of Britain, and he invited me, for a suitable fee, to "preside," as he put it, over the press opening in London.

"About this Mercedes bit," Mr. Hartman wrote in closing. "I drive a Mercedes myself, and would be happy to ship mine over for your everyday use, except that my wife does not like the idea of having the children walk to school. But we would be happy to put a Mercedes at your disposal for the period you are in London."

I thought this wasn't quite good enough and replied: "I regret that Mrs. Hartman is taking this rather selfish attitude, and feel that you should stand up rather more stoutly for your opinions. I hesitate to suggest that any weakness on your part in this matter will merely confirm the well-known European belief that the ladies in your country wear the trousers (when not draped in Martex towels)."

Mr. Hartman (or rather Mrs. Hartman) unfortunately remained obdurate on this point, but a perfectly enormous Mercedes 300 was duly awaiting me when I arrived at London Airport a

couple of weeks later—and a deputation from Martex, led in person by Mr. H. Meantime, in New York, the story was becoming something of a Madison Avenue classic: "*The Saga of the Towels and a British Peer*" proclaimed the relatively staid *New York Times* in a banner headline which fluttered over five columns.

At this stage, I should mention in passing, I received a communication from a certain Mr. Paul Klein, attorney-at-law of New York, who had read the "saga" in *The Times*. Foreseeing that Martex would fight shy of the Mercedes, he had decided to send me his own; he hoped it would not "undergo the shrinkage" which, he understood, "occasionally alllicts automobiles during ocean travel." Accompanying his letter was a small package containing a model Mercedes about five inches long.

In thanking him for his generous gift, I mentioned casually that a high rate of duty is unfortunately payable on all foreign-assembled cars as they enter the Republic, which had amounted in this case to \$2,763; and I looked forward, I wrote, to receiving his cheque in reimbursement of this sum. I have not, so far, heard further from Mr. Klein.

I now found myself embroiled for two days in a chaotic menagerie of scriptwriters, ventriloquists, martinis, bathsheets, press agents, Mr. Hartman, Lenny the Lion, and a bevy of assorted models (none of whom, as far as I know, was ever "in attendance" on me). I was also given my script for the press opening, which contained such phrases as "*What inspired memories every time you have a bath.*"

Somehow, we jigsawed a show together, and I read my lines with as much aplomb as I could muster. It was with no little relief that I flew back to the relative sanity of Killegar. As for my fourteen towels, they still, even now, haven't reached me; they are awaiting clearance, I'm told, in the Custom House in Dublin, and it may still be many moons before I can finally "luxuriate" in them.

Princess Christina, wife of Prince Andrej of Yugoslavia, with their four-month-old son Prince Christopher. The Princess is a niece of the Duke of Edinburgh, who is godfather to her elder child, three-year-old Princess Marija Tatiana. The family live in Graham Terrace, S.W.1

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRY SWAEBE



THE YACHT CLASS *a soc*

LEWIS MORLEY



DRUMBEAT (*see the Hon. Max Aitken*)



DEIANEIRA (*see Lord Astor*)



SEA HUNTRESS (*see Lord Beatty*)

KAYLENA (*see Major R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan*)

| NAME & CLUBS | OCCUPATION | VESSEL | THAM MEASURE (IN TONS); & COLO |
|---|--|---------------|--|
| The Hon. Max AITKEN R.Y.S. Lon., R.A.F. | Director & chairman of board, Beaverbrook Newspapers | Drumbeat | 42 Sloop with auxiliary mot Varnish |
| Mr. Derick HEATHCOAT AMORY R.Y.S., H.C. | Chancellor of the Ex- chequer | Ailanthus | 16 Sloop with auxiliary mot White |
| Lord ASTOR OF HEVER R.Y.S. | Newspaper proprietor, president of Press Club | Deianeira | 218 Twin screw en White |
| Earl BEATTY R.Y.S., H.L. | Peer of the realm | Sea Huntress | 154 Twin screw en White |
| Mr. Alan LENNOX-BOYD R.Y.S., Bos., H.C., Srn., Sth. | M.P. and director of Arthur Guinness | Tawau | 52 Yawl with auxiliary mot Green |
| Mr. David BROWN Tms. | Chairman & managing director the David Brown Corporation | Astromar | 202 Triple screw en White, blue fu |
| Major R. N. MACDONALD-BUCHANAN R.Y.S., H.B. | Chairman & director of whisky firms | Kaylena | 37 Cutter with auxiliary mot White |
| Sir Egbert CADBURY Chr., Mtr., R.A.F., Tms. | Managing director, Cadbury Bros. & J. S. Fry | Colinette III | 56 Twin screw en White |
| Lord COLERAINE (who shares with Sir Derrick GUNSTON, Bt.) Foy, H.C., H.L. | Chairman, Atomic Power Constructions | Wapipi | 12 Sloop with auxiliary mot Blue |

*COMPILER'S NOTE: Apologies are offered for any omissions. Unfortunately various members of the Yacht Class arch

COLINETTE III (see *Sir Egbert Cadbury*)

register of the seagoing set*

| HOME PORT | PURPOSE | HAUNTS | ACCOMMODATION COOKING ARRANGEMENTS | ANYTHING SPECIAL |
|--------------------------|--|---|--|--|
| Cowes, I. of W. | Ocean-racing and cruising | Brittany, Long Island Sound, Bermuda, south-west England | Four people. Usually one of the women cooks, or Mr. Aitken, who loves it. | Made of double-skin teak. Winches are very strongly built. Centre board |
| Gosport, Hampshire | Cruising and 'weekends when time.' Also holidays to train sea cadets | South coast, northern France | Six people. Cooking: Whoever's crewing | |
| Southampton | Summer cruising | The Mediterranean. Last heard of off Athens | Six people. The chef | Stabilizers, shore telephone, radar |
| Antibes, south of France | Cruising and chartering (mainly to Americans) | Western Italy, Naples, Majorca, Balearic Islands, Venice, Corsica | Seven people. The chef | |
| Southampton | Holiday cruising and weekends | Ireland and the West Country. They have been to the Scottish Isles and occasionally the Mediterranean | Four or five people. There is a cook | |
| Poole, Dorset | About two months' summer cruising | The Mediterranean | Seven people. The chef | Mr. Brown's firm built the four diesel engines (one wing pair on two propellers and one pair geared to centre propeller), a separate generator & electric davits |
| Cowes, I. of W. | Racing | The Solent | Four to six people. One of the crew cooks | One of Kaylena's crew sailed in Sceptre in the last America's Cup Race. Partly steel frames |
| Christchurch, Hants | Cruising | Devon, Cornwall, the Channel Islands, Deauville, Cherbourg | About six people. Whoever's willing | |
| Bembridge, I. of W. | A little racing; cruising 'when he can get away' | The Channel Islands, Brittany | Four people. Anyone, including Lord Coleraine | Centre board |

* Those listed could not be contacted. They were aboard their yachts (and no ship-to-shore) . . .



TINDOR (see Sir Gerard D'Erlanger)



TAWAU (see Mr. Alan Le Boyd, previous page)

THE YACHT CLASS

CONTINUED

BEKEN

| NAME & CLUBS | OCCUPATION | VESSEL | THAMES MEASUREMENT IN TONS; TYPE, & COLOUR | HOME PORT | PURPOSE |
|---|---|-----------------|--|--|---|
| Mr. Hugh CUDLIPP Hlm. | Deputy chairman, Fleet- way Pubs., Joint manag- ing director <i>Daily Mirror</i> & <i>Sunday Pictorial</i> | Laranda II | 10 Twin screw engine Blue & white | Winter: Shepperton Summer: the Thames, between Sunbury and Lechlade | Weekends on the Thames, holidays on the Continent |
| Sir Gerard D'ERLANGER R.Y.S. | Chairman, B.O.A.C. | Tindor | 36 Twin screw engine White & blue | Majorca | Holiday cruising |
| Sir Bernard DOCKER Lon., Srn., Sth. | Company director | Shemara | 833 Twin screw engine White | Southampton | Cruising |
| Mr. Neville DUKE Crz., R.A.F. | Test pilot, air corres- pondent and consultant | Casquet | 11 Yawl with auxiliary motor White | Bursledon Hants | Weekend relaxation, holidays |
| Air-Cdre. William HELMORE H.C., Isl., Lym., Mtr., Ple.H., R.A.F. | Company director | Allegro | 12 Cutter with auxiliary motor White with red boot top | Buckler's Hard, Beaulieu River, Hants | Weekends, cruising, fun |
| Mr. Charles HUGHESDON Lld., Meo. | Member of Lloyd's & insurance broker | Monaco Princess | 5.58 (not T.M.) Twin screw engine White | Monte Carlo | Picnics |
| Mr. Hammond INNES Crz., Msa., Ocn. | Author & traveller | Mary Deare | 16 Sloop with auxiliary motor | Woodbridge, Suffolk | Travel, relaxation, to gather material for writing, a little racing |
| Mr. George W. ODEY Lld., N. & S., Ser., Yrk. | Former M.P., chairman & managing director, Barrow, Hepburn & Gale | Arminel | 50 Ketch with auxiliary motor White | Hull | Cruising |
| Mr. R. T. PAGET Hay. Mr. Harold LEVER | Q.C. & M.P. (Lab.) for Northampton. M.P. (Lab.) for Cheetham division of Manchester | Naseby | 16 Sloop with auxiliary motor Red & green | Chichester | Holidays abroad |

SHEMARA (see *Sir Bernard Docker*)LARANDA II (see *Mr. Hugh Cudlipp*)

| HAUNTS | ACCOMMODATION COOKING ARRANGEMENTS | ANYTHING SPECIAL |
|--|---|---|
| Thames, the south coast of England, the Harbours of the Continent (Paris, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam) | 'Four in comfort—six in friendship.' Mrs. Cudlipp (Eileen Ascroft) cooks | Pye Dolphin sea-to-shore radio (Mr. Cudlipp is the licensed telegrapher) and a Pye Leadsman depth sounder |
| Crete, Minorca, French Riviera, Corsica, Elba, canals of Venice | Six people. The chef | Tindor is built with aluminium alloy |
| Mediterranean, the Atlantic | Shemara has Twelve people. The chef | Air-conditioning in the cabins. A Cris Craft speedboat for water-skiing. A crew of 30 |
| Solent, south coast of the Channel, Brittany and Normandy | Five people. Mrs. Duke cooks | Stainless-steel wire rigging and Terylene sail and ropes. Centre board |
| Solent, the west of England, northern France | Seven people, 'if they're not particular.' One of the crew cooks | Stainless-steel wire rigging, nylon ropes |
| San Carlo, the French Riviera, Capri | Six at a pinch. Mrs. Hughesdon (Florence Desmond) cooks, but they more usually take picnic meals | Pale blue and primrose décor inside |
| Bay of Biscay, Spain, the Danish ports | Four to six, but Mr. & Mrs. Innes usually go alone. She does the cooking | The Mary Deare was built in Holland and has a steel hull |
| Bergen, Trouville, Ostend | Six people. The steward looks after the cooking | The ketch was built of teak in 1910 to Shepherd's design and is still 'as good as the day it was built' |
| | Five people. Mr. Paget does the cooking | Naseby is new this year |

AILANTHUS (see *Mr. Derick Heathcoat Amory, previous page*)

BEKEN

BEKEN

ALLEGRO (see *Air-Cdre. W. Helmore*)ASTROMAR (see *Mr. David Brown, previous page*)



The lucky ones are already treading sand—or water—but late shoppers could find themselves swimming against the tide unless a course is charted for the right ports of call. Some are listed here and all the swimsuits shown are obtainable till mid-August

The girl in the surf wears a vivid aquamarine blue suit by Jantzen in elasticized rayon. A wide embroidered band decorates the cuff of the boned bodice and the suit has narrow detachable shoulder straps (not shown here), which cross-over the low back. It is worn with a matching blue rubber Kleinert's cap, also in other colours. Both at Selfridges, Oxford Street. Prices: suit: £3 12s. 6d.; cap: 6s. 11d.



This handmade Italian suit would claim attention on any beach. Made of fine rose-printed cotton, it has a long torso line completely shirred with elastic. The bodice is outlined with frilling which also emphasizes the thighs. With it goes a straight matching jacket. Made in Rome exclusively for Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, the suit costs £13 2s. 6d.; the jacket: £13 2s. 6d.

swimsuits for late starters

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHEL MOLINARE



Gleaming cloth of gold for a girl with nerve or the kind of figure that would dazzle the eye in any case. This close fitting suit is made of Helanca stretch nylon and gold Lurex by Rose Lewis of Knightsbridge, S.W.1. The shoulder straps are removable, the bra boned and the low back fitted with a long, long zip to ensure a perfect fit. Price: 15 gns.

SWIMSUITS FOR LATE STARTERS

continued

Cotton suits dry quickly, are cool to laze in under a hot sun, ideal in fact for sitting pretty. A Victorian print of pink stripes and roses on white cotton helps here in an easy-fitting suit with a low shirred elastic back. An all-round pleated hip frill conceals elastic-legged underpants and there is a detachable halter-necked strap. The price: £3 8s. 6d. at La Strada, Hanover Street

Checked gingham has proved a winner this year for cotton swimsuits. Caprice use it (*far right*) for a little romper suit with gathered elastic-edged legs. It has a firm built-in bra and straps that button on the shoulder. The back is cut in a deep U. The suit costs £4 10s. in mauve, blue or pink and white from Lilly-whites, Piccadilly Circus, S.W.1









SWIMSUITS FOR LATE STARTERS *continued*

Helanca stretch nylon, the yarn most used for today's knitted swimsuits, retains all the virtues of nylon with the addition of extra lightness and tremendous elasticity. The Swiss-made suit of 100 per cent Helanca (*left*) has proved such a best seller that a large re-order is due at Woollands early next month. Shown here in cherry pink, it is also obtainable in other colours. The price: 8 gns. Kleinert's Poodle rubber cap costs 4 gns.

The woman whom no ready-made suit seems to fit need no longer resign herself to expense and delay. Spirella, the corset makers of Oxford Circus, offer a swift and inexpensive service with suits like the one below. It costs 7 gns. and can be made to measure in a fortnight. There are four designs and a wide colour range. Measurements and orders are taken by any Spirella agent. Kleinert's white rubber cap costs 6s. 11d.





Stark white long-line suit in elasticized rayon embroidered with a motif of rose coloured flowers. Made by Jantzen, this suit with boned bra and shoulder straps crossing over the low back, has a long side zip which makes it easy to get into. An excellent suit, too, for larger sizes, it costs 6 gns. from Simpson's, Piccadilly, who also have Kleinert's rose coloured rubber cap at 6s. 11d.

SWIMSUITS FOR LATE STARTERS *continued*



Fine-weight Helanca stretch nylon is printed with an ombré striped design in shades of fuchsia, grey, yellow and white. This exciting fabric which has many other colour combinations makes this French suit with a long torso line, high built-in bra and low U-back. It costs 12 gns. and is exclusive to Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, who specialize in imported Continental and American swim-wear.

COUNTER SPY

raises her glass

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY DON JARVIS

HAPELY GLASSWARE FOR LAZY, lazy days starts with a thin wine pitcher filled this time with iced tea, spiced with mint and lemon (the neck is wide enough to take ice). To order from Finnish Designs, Norris Street, S.W.1: 70s. The follow-up is a tall glass with a black plastic handle to clip on the base for holding Pimm's, iced lager or any long drink—designed by Ronald Stennett-Wilson for Gilbey's and made in Sweden. At The Continental Glass Shop, Euston Road: £2 14s. for six. A swizzle stick ends in a sleek martini mixer with glass collar, and a glass beer mug has a heavy base, a blue haze. All from the General Trading Company, Cranham Place: stick, 5s.; mixer, 2s. 9d.; and beer mug, 17s. 9d. The iced champagne glass comes from a range called Illusion, the pine green rock glass has a tulip bowl and comes in plain or steel blue glass. Champagne glass: 14s. 6d., rock glass: 14s. 9d., both by Orrefors at Heals, and Hendry Decor, Edinburgh. The crown-grey ice bucket has a metal handle, a glass drainer inside: by Danasco, at Liberty and Amos Reynolds of Sutton for £2 18s. 6d. A heavy green jug has a set of four straight up-and-down glasses to match and is a sample from Primavera's newest collection of Italian glassware. The jug costs £1 and the glasses range from 3s. 3d. to 6s.



"... I have sometimes been troubled by another psalm, which says that authority 'delighteth not in any man's legs'; but I reflect that King David never saw the silken calves of a Bishop of the Anglican Church"

THE LORD MAYOR AT THE ANNUAL MANSION HOUSE DINNER TO MEET THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS



THE FIRST ESTATE COMES TO DINNER



The Bishop of London arrives at the Mansion House with his daughter, Miss Montgomery Campbell



The Archbishop of Canterbury is greeted by Mr. Hubert Pitman, Alderman & Sheriff



The Lord Mayor, with the Bishop of Southwark, the Rt. Rev. A. M. Stockwood



The Bishop of Chester, Rt. Rev. G. Ellison



CHRISTIAN FAIRFAX

ON

SHOW TIME



All through the summer it goes on, from

May to September. Show Business. But, oh, the labour of it all, and the unrelenting patience, to put another rosette in the stockman's box. The whole thing started so many months ago, years maybe, when the breeder planned his breeding. It doesn't just happen. The Royal Show to open at the beginning of July starts building in the previous August—and by the night before the show opening the seats around the judging rings still aren't up. You should see

the washing and the trimming the night before THE DAY, when the stock have arrived in the showyard. And the polish—yes the polish (and spit, too)—it's got the Army knocked into a tin hat! There's the unloading of stores each exhibitor brings for his stock, and a tramp, tramp, tramp round the showyard for exercise—not appreciated by the reluctant débutantes of the farm. Oh yes,



it's a weary business, just to hope that there'll be a prize ticket to nail up before you wait and wait and wait, be you man or beast, on the other days after the judging has been done. True, you can relax a little after you get back from



CONTINUED OVERLEAF

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE ROYAL SHOW,
CAMBRIDGE, & THE NORFOLK SHOW,
NORWICH

SHOW TIME *concluded*

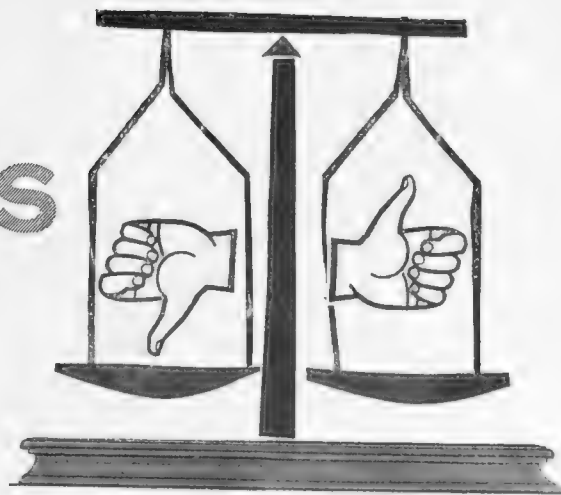
the ring to the stock lines and maybe stare a little blandly if any of the public come and look at you there, but not many of them do. The pure entertainers, like the foxhounds, have arrived and so have the show-jumpers. But even they, it seems have some beauty business, like bandaging horses' tails (reminds one of hair curlers). There'll be a parade each day—it's all said to be for advertisement—and sometimes, just when you think you can settle down for a



rest, you may have to dress up all over again for the photographers.



VERDICTS



The play **Oliver!** New Theatre. (Ron Moody, Georgia Brown, Paul Whitsun-Jones, Danny Sewell, Hope Jackman.)

The film **The Story Of Ruth.** Director Henry Koster. (Stuart Whitman, Tom Tryon, Peggy Wood, Elana Eden, Viveca Lindfors, Jeff Morrow.)

Doctor In Love. Director Ralph Thomas. (Michael Craig, Virginia Maskell, James Robertson Justice, Carole Lesley, Leslie Phillips.)

Follow That Horse. Director Alan Bromly. (David Tomlinson, Cecil Parker, Richard Wattis, Dora Bryan, Mary Peach.)

The book **A Time In Rome**, by Elizabeth Bowen (Longmans, 21s.).
When The Green Woods Laugh, by H. E. Bates. (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.).

Dialogues On Art, by Edouard Roditi (Secker & Warburg, 30s.).

Women In Love, The Rainbow, Sons & Lovers (5s.); **Kangaroo, The Ladybird, Poems** (3s. 6d.); **England, My England, The Trespasser, Twilight In Italy, Letters** (2s. 6d.), by D. H. Lawrence. **Poems Of Garcia Lorca**, Tr. J. L. Gili (3s. 6d.). **The Penguin Book Of Narrative Verse** (5s.). **The Rise & Fall Of Athens**, Tr. I. S. Kilvert (5s.). **Preparation For Painting**, by Lynton Lamb (3s. 6d.). Penguin Books

The records **Blues In The Night**, by Humphrey Lyttelton.

Jazz For Young Lovers, by Archie Semple.

Ian Menzies & The Clyde Valley Stompers.

Terry Lightfoot's New Orleans Jazzmen.

Ottillie Patterson with Chris Barber.

The gallery **Picasso.** Tate Gallery.

THEATRE

Anthony
Comman



Here's one who wasn't wowed

MR. LIONEL BART'S MUSICAL VERSION of *Oliver Twist* at the New Theatre —*Oliver!* seems set for a long run, and I wish I could share more wholeheartedly in its enthusiastic reception. Some of my colleagues have hailed the piece as the British musical we have all been looking for, one that does for Dickens what the American authors of *My Fair Lady* did for Shaw, an acclaim, I confess, I can only respectfully regard as a quite staggering instance of what Johnson would have called a triumph of hope over experience. My experience was so very different from theirs.

I found a show that was written and presented with enormous gusto, that went boldly and often successfully for the simple pathos of the little workhouse boy at the mercy of cruel chance in the rough and sinister London imaginatively evoked by Mr. Sean Kenny's ingenious arrangements of huge

timber sets. I found it mildly entertaining even though for the greater part of the evening it was impossible to feel that anything vitally dramatic was at stake. But gusto and pathos alike, aiming at an effect of guilelessness, were put across with little of the art that conceals art. There was a curious lack throughout of the professional know-how which is the mark of the rival American product even when it is trying for simplicity.

It has been said that the flamboyant theatricality of Dickens fits in admirably with the florid and melodramatic techniques of the musical. But this is only a half truth. Dickens's method in *Oliver Twist* was first to tell a story and only in the final chapters to galvanize the story into a plot. Mr. Bart is of course tied to this method, though I suspect he is insufficiently alive to what its stage disadvantages are.

He gives us the various episodes of the familiar story. At the workhouse Oliver asks for more. At the undertaker's he goes for the apprentice who insults his mother and, escaping from the rough and tumble among the coffins, falls in with the friendly Artful Dodger. And at the thieves' kitchen he is instructed by Fagin in the art of filching pocket handkerchiefs.

These episodes are amusing and have their moments of pathos as when the waif sits down and sings in a childish treble *Where is love*; but they carry no hint of a theatrical plot. Oliver moves from scene to scene, and we are less interested in him than in the Bumbles and the Fagins and in the little boys from theatre schools who so engagingly present the work-



VICTORIAN LONDON is given a face-lift in *Oliver!* Some of Dickens's most sinister creations lose much of their menace when set to Lionel Bart's music, while the younger characters have charm. Here *Oliver Twist* (Keith Hamshire) and the Artful Dodger (Martin Horsey) sing "Consider Yourself"

house and thieves' kitchen choruses.

Mr. Bart's most individual contribution to these *tableaux vivants* is to transform Fagin from a sinister villain to a lovable old scoundrel whose fits of mock irascibility must amuse his charges and are also good fun for us. Mr. Ron Moody plays the part with delightful bravura.

In the second half the story, as though smitten by a sudden frenzy, develops plot and becomes a roaring transpontine melodrama. Mr. Bart seems not to have foreseen the change. At any rate, he trusts almost entirely to the atmosphere created by Mr. Kenny's picture of London Bridge by night. There is a good deal of shouting and rushing about but even so the *coup-de-théâtre* of the shooting of Nancy by Bill Sikes falls flat. All we know about Sikes is that everyone is afraid of him and of Nancy that she loves him despairingly. Presumably, however, the scenery is so

fascinating to watch that there is no need to worry about motives.

The plainness of this timber scenery calls, I feel, for more colour in the dresses than we are given, and I could do with a great deal more dancing. Mr. Bart's music is rather more exciting than his lyrics, and he makes the mistake of sometimes letting one lyric follow directly after another. It is an axiom with the great American lyric writers that a lyric must spring out of stage action or it loses half its force.

Mr. Peter Coe's direction is busy and inventive, though I think he tends to keep a scene going too long. A good Oliver has been found in the boy actor Keith Hamshire, and Martin Horsey presents the Artful Dodger with panache. Miss Georgia Brown sings Nancy's songs with abandon, and Miss Hope Jackman and Mr. Paul Whitsun-Jones make a live affair of Bumble's courting of the formidable Mrs. Corney.

Naomi, Ruth marries Mahlon on his deathbed. Naomi resolves to return to the land of Judah—and, as you will recall from one of the most affecting passages in all the scriptures, Ruth cannot be dissuaded from going with her.

In Bethlehem, Ruth is reviled as a Moabitess and brought before the Elders on a charge of idolatry ("a stoning offence"). In a singularly impressive scene, she vindicates herself and thereafter she is allowed to live in peace. Eventually, after a good deal of intrigue, she marries a rich landowner, Boaz (Mr. Stuart Whitman), to fulfil a prophecy and become an ancestress of David, the King. The film is not flawless but at least, unlike most of its kind, it's not a crashing bore.

Aficionados of Miss Betty Box's "Doctor" series of films will detect a certain difference in *Doctor In Love*, the latest lively specimen. Without plumbing the depths of vulgarity in which the deplorably successful *Carry On* series wallows, it seemed to me to be heading thataway. Blithely ribald, occasionally coarse, and spiced with as much sex as the censor could decently allow under an "A" certificate, it is hardly the cup of tea to offer a respectable maiden aunt (such as myself). Oh well! I daresay Miss Box is not catering for maiden aunts. Anyway, I expect she knows what she's doing—she usually does.

Mr. Michael Craig, supplanting Mr. Dirk Bogarde in the title role, suffers from unrequited love, jaundice and aggressively amorous

female patients. His boon companion, Mr. Leslie Phillips, leering lecherously, has a high old time with the girls—including a glorious pair of strip-teasers (Misses Liz Fraser and Joan Sims) playing guineapig at an Anti-Cold Research Unit, and a cute and sexy secretary, Miss Carole Lesley.

Mr. Nicholas Phipps (who incidentally wrote the screenplay) figures with his usual aplomb as a country G.P., Miss Virginia Maskell does all one could ask as a refined "locum," and Mr. James Robertson Justice is his booming self as an irascible surgeon—very funny in the scene in which he prepares to undergo an operation for appendicitis. A spanking pace is maintained throughout—and I haven't the slightest doubt that, prim maiden aunts apart, the public will find the film endlessly hilarious.

In *Follow That Horse* Mr. David Tomlinson, as a slightly dizzy civil servant, lets a visiting atomic scientist (a spy, really) and a roll of top secret microfilm slip through his fingers. The roll of film is eaten by a racehorse (yes, dear, I know it sounds silly, but what can I do about it?)—and Mr. Tomlinson has frantically to pursue the animal all over the place, while Messrs. Cecil Parker and Richard Wattis, his superiors at the Ministry of Atomic Energy, seethe and flap in office and conference room, lending the film a distinction it would otherwise lack. Pretty Miss Mary Peach, a newcomer to me, fills a slender role with charm.

CINEMA

Elspeth Grant



Ruth survives the corn

ALONG COMES ANOTHER BIBLICAL picture, *The Story Of Ruth*—another marathon movie, in CinemaScope and De Luxe Colour, another two-and-a-quarter hours' vigil for the weary critic, who is now as familiar with the Holy Land as she is with Guadalcanal. Of course, it is perfectly splendid that Hollywood is providing the nations of the world with a religious education—not that it seems to have done them much good, judging by their behaviour in the ordinary day-to-day relationships—but one must not imagine this is an entirely selfless gesture on Hollywood's part.

The gossip of the bazaar has it that religious films are made in such quantities and at such expense and length because they rake in more shekels than Westerns, who-dun-its, slapstick comedies, screen biographies from recent history, domestic dramas, musicals and even "X" certificated horror jobs and science fiction thrillers. There are obviously millions who are willing to pay to see these Biblical epics—and presumably find them edifying. As one who usually finds them extremely tedious (and often tasteless) and would, in nine cases out of ten, gladly pay *not* to see them, I marvel.

It must be admitted that *The Story Of Ruth* is a cut above its forerunners. The dialogue contains scarcely a line to which one could take exception. Miss Elana Eden, a young Israeli actress, is beautiful and moving in the title role and Miss Peggy Wood (whom I remember from the distant past in Mr. Coward's *Bitter Sweet*) is wonderfully authoritative as Naomi—and though the whole production is lavishly overdressed, the touching simplicity of these two central characters has not been swamped.

At the age of five, Ruth is sold by her Moabite father to the priests of Chemosh and only by a miracle escapes being made a human sacrifice to this monstrous pagan god. At 20, after years of instruction by the High Priestess (that madly chic Froken Viveca Lindfors), she emerges as a fully-qualified priestess in her own right—licensed to sacrifice children on the altars of the deity.

Her secret conversion to the Jewish faith by a young Judean, Mahlon (Mr. Tom Tryon) is suspected by the priests: Ruth is imprisoned and Mahlon sent to the quarries as a slave. On her release, she helps him to escape—but in doing so he is mortally wounded. At the home of his widowed mother,



NEW STAR, Israeli actress Elana Eden, plays Ruth. With her as Naomi is Peggy Wood (remember her in "Bitter Sweet"?), who made her first appearance on the New York stage 50 years ago

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones



Novelist on a spree

ONE OF THE MOST AGREEABLE THINGS in the world for a constant, not to say dogged, reader is to fall across books that were in some way a spree, an experiment, a new venture for the author—prose written by an habitual poet, letters by playwrights, memoirs and diaries by historians, travel books by novelists. Sometimes this produces the most inviting kind of shirtsleeves-and-slippers writing, friendly, flexible and freely self-revealing. I know that Mr. Connolly once wrote steadily that the only point in writing was a masterpiece as the end-product (and calmly went ahead and made one) but not everyone can take a high-protein diet of nothing but masterpieces, even in the bath and before breakfast.

Elizabeth Bowen, who has not published a novel for some years, has just brought out *A Time In Rome*, a elegant, digressive, well-mannered and rather formal book about a Roman visit, with Miss Bowen purposefully exploring the map, chasing the ruins, wondering about Emperors and Vestals and Vespas, brooding over the difficulties of reaching to eat, and sneezing all the time, which is apparently something Romans never do. It is beautifully, coolly written, presenting a deceptive appearance of informality. Had I not made a private vow never to yearn for the kind of book writers might have produced had they not chosen to settle for something quite else, I should secretly have longed for more conversations and some pictures, simply because I take great pleasure in Miss Bowen's dialogue and hate to be deprived.

The indestructible, gigantic figure of Pop Larkin is with us again, eating, drinking, stroking thighs, bestowing pinches and epic three-minute kisses on anyone that happens to be handy, sharing Ma's bath heady with Schiaparelli bath-oil in which they gambol in gargantuan mirth and tickle and scream with laughter, being acquitted on a charge of indecent assault (one felt this was almost bound to come up sooner or later), and basking in the sun of 1959.

The book is H. B. Bates's *When the Green Woods Laugh* and the formula continues to astound me. On page 12 Pop is thinking of "roast lamb and mint sauce, cold beer, fresh apricot flan and Ma

lying on the bed in nothing but her slip or even less." On page 116 he is taking to Edith Pilehester in hospital a modest Larking offering of "two bottles of port, a basket of fresh peaches, pears, grapes and apricots, a box of milk chocolates, a large bunch of deep yellow freesias and several slices of cold breast of turkey." On page 148 Mariette is busily at work on a spread of "ham and fresh salmon sandwiches, prawn vol-au-vents, sausage rolls, asparagus tips, cheese tarts, salad and things of that sort."

After each encounter with Pop Larkin I creep away and nibble a meagre lettuce leaf without dressing, but others with more robust digestions, not to mention a sense of pleasure in the vast heaving landscape that is Ma, may well feel quite differently.

Edouard Roditi's *Dialogues on Art* is a book I began with great expectations, since in common with everybody else I share the contemporary mania for wanting to buttonhole writers and artists and ask the poor lonely creatures what they mean by it.

The examinees here include Chagall, Marini, Moore, Morandi, Hepworth, Paolozzi and Josef Herman, and should have been irresistible. In fact I found crossly that Mr. Roditi, who is a critic and poet, intruded too much in the conversation—though he surely has a perfect right to do so in his own book—and yet when Kokoschka was delivered of an uninterrupted speech that ran on for more than a page I most unfairly wished that Mr. Roditi would leap in and break it up a little.

Some of the material is enormously interesting, most of it sounds to me deeply difficult to speak and listen to, and some of the most memorable material comes in asides, such as the incidental and stunning description of Dame Edith Sitwell looking like "the twin sister of a Guards officer disguised as a Madonna for a religious pageant held in eighteenth-century Portuguese Goa." This I should have been sorry to have missed.

News from the Paperback Revolution front line: the indefatigable Penguins, marching on in ever-increasing battalions, have increased themselves by countless volumes by D. H. Lawrence including the poems, thereby greatly adding to my guilt in finding it so

infinitely difficult to get through more than a few pages of him at a time, with long, recuperative pauses.

There is too a very jolly Penguin *Book of Narrative Verse*, from Chaucer to W. R. Rodgers; a reprint of Lynton Lamb's hypnotic *Preparation for Painting*, which contains the cautious and deeply reassuring (to anyone to whom technicalities of all kinds are so much black magic) sentence, "Oil paint hardens, I am told, by oxidization"; an edition of Lorea's poems edited by J. L. Gili; and an entrancing new translation by Ian Scott Kilvert of nine Greek lives by Plutarch, called *The Rise and Fall of Athens*. I am haunted by Pausanias who, having unexpectedly knifed a reluctant girlfriend who knocked over a lamp while tiptoeing to his horrid bed, was visited by the poor lady's spirit "remorselessly repeating the words: 'Go to the doom which pride and lust prepare'."

That's not the sort of stuff you find in modern fiction.



THE CAMPANILE OF ST. MARK'S and the Doge's Palace seen from a fishing boat. One of the photographs from James Morris's evocative Venice (30s.) due from Faber on 12 August



RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

Barrelhouse at Beaulieu

THIS SATURDAY THE ANCIENT HOME of the Montagu family, Beaulieu, will once again open its portals to the world at large—or at least those inhabitants of it who wish to listen to jazz. The curtain goes up for three nights on the fifth annual Jazz Festival, the biggest jazz event of the year in England, when the leading British groups will be presented. For the first time this year, American artists will be performing, in the shape of blues singers Memphis Slim and Little Brother Montgomery. Both these artists are able to appear without the need for an "exchange" under the ubiquitous union rules, as they are single acts imported under variety artists' permits instead of in the character of the musicians they happen to be!

Memphis Slim is a 45-year-old Memphis-born singer, with the blues born and bred in him. In addition, he plays one of the most powerful stride pianos I have heard in a long while. This is a natural gift, found in many of the great singers and players from the Deep South, who were brought up in the tradition of barrelhouse piano; they were largely self-taught, lived almost perpetually on the move, and suffered all the vicissitudes of the

American way of life in consequence. Memphis Slim was much influenced by Broonzy, who met him in Chicago. It is interesting to note that Joe Williams's best known number with Basie, *Every day I have the blues*, was one of Memphis's compositions.

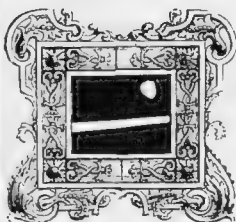
Louisiana-born Little Brother Montgomery is the older of the two visitors, and is equally a specialist at the piano. He worked first in New Orleans before settling in Chicago. It is sad to think that there are no records available in England by either of these artists, but the attention and interest aroused by their European trips may inspire one of the numerous small American labels to pay them some attention.

It is an equally sobering thought that in the past two months' home record releases, only two of the bands appearing at Beaulieu are featured. The first is Humphrey Lyttelton, whose *Blues in the night* (SCX3316) is my top choice this month. His eight-piece band produces a full rich sound, a wealth of imaginative arrangements, and all the feeling that goes into the best jazz. It is not surprising that their firm base lies within grasp of what Ellington has done, and continues

to do. Humph does not copy them—he is above that—but he uses their approach to good effect, and produces a superb swinging sound into the bargain. The second Beaulieu band with a summer release is the Clyde Valley Stompers (7NJ2031) whose roisterous disc is typical of the *joie-de-vivre* engineered by the local traditional bands. Having no roof to raise at Beaulieu, they will certainly help to flatten the grass!

Why do the record companies continue to neglect Dankworth, Mick Mulligan, Nat Gonella, Bruce Turner, Joe Harriott (certainly one of the most potent red-men in

England today), Ronnie Ross, Ronnie Scott, and Tubby Hayes? They will all appear at the Festival. British-born Victor Feldman will also be there, paying one of his brief visits to England. His piano work, not to mention his vibraphone, has earned him vast praise in America, where he now plays permanently. In fact I suspect that he has put in more recording time in America than any of the British musicians have in their home country. This is no sour grapes against Vic, but a distinct prod to A & R men in control of the home studios, who should know by now that we have talent worth recording.



GALLERIES

Alan Roberts

The lonely swimmer

LAST WEEK I WAS TRYING TO DEFINE and assess the genius of Picasso. Since I was still much under the influence of the *vin de l'artiste* at the time it is hardly surprising that I failed miserably. Since then, however, I have read nearly every word written about Picasso by critics, painters, writers, journalists and gossip hounds and am comforted by the knowledge that none of them was much more successful.

One newspaper, no doubt appreciating the dilemma in which we who are supposed to know the answers to such things found ourselves, offered a whole page of quotations from the artist's own sayings and writings with the sanguine comment, "His own words may give a clue."

Like the exhibition itself, these sayings only deepen the mystery.

Like it they are full of surprises, jokes, sincerity, facetiousness, profundity and the quality of penetrating truth that only geniuses and children have.

Who, for instance, has written a word about Picasso's work that is half so illuminating as these lines of his own?

"Beauty—what a strange thing . . . For me it is a word devoid of meaning, for I don't know where its significance comes from nor what it leads to. *Do you know exactly where to find its opposite?*"

Outside a West End cinema that specializes in films about nudism I saw the other day a banner that read, "There is nothing vulgar or immoral about the human body. Evil is in the eye of the beholder."

Ugliness in art, too, is in the eye of the beholder, put there by

custom and fashion and prejudice, Picasso is saying. You may not agree but there it is. Picasso is Picasso. After years of studying him and his work, after coming closer to the core of the enigma than anyone else has ever done, Jean Cassou wrote at the end of his book that "in the last resort an examination of Picasso's personality can lead to only one conclusion—that it is the personality of an artist."

It was Cassou who first drew the parallel between the sudden revelations in Picasso's intellectual processes and the visionary flashes that come to some scientists, mystics and legendary heroes.

Whatever we call them, many of the explosive manifestations by which we recognize them are to be seen at the Tate now. By examining these explosive landmarks, seeking the relationships between them, and between them and the pictures painted immediately before each of them, it is possible, I believe, to show that there has been, throughout the greater part of Picasso's artistic life, a rational course of development running like a backbone through the main body of his work.

This idea is in direct opposition to that of Cassou and others who believe that in each one of his phases Picasso has died, to rise again in the next. There is no space here to make the necessary examination to support this theory but by taking a serious look at a few of the key pictures at the Tate the dialectic behind the argument should become clear.

The most important of these key pictures is, of course, *Les demoiselles d'Avignon*. It is also our starting point—the lumbar vertebra of the backbone if you like, for I am contending that for all their fascinating and charming qualities the pictures of the Blue and Rose Periods are not part of the vital contribution Picasso has made to the evolution of painting.

After looking at *Les demoiselles* go first to *The bather* (No. 44)

painted in 1908, then to the Cezanne-ish *Portrait of Pallares* (No. 49), painted the following year, and next to the *Portrait of Wilhelm Uhde*, one of the three original "analytical-cubist" portraits produced in 1910. From this portrait the step to the *Harlequin* (No. 71) of 1913, is still an easy, logical one. And in the same way there is nothing difficult about the progression to the 1918 *Harlequin* (No. 87) and to *The three musicians* (No. 87) of 1921.

If, while painting *The three musicians*, Picasso had been emotionally disturbed by some outside agency (as indeed he was later when he came to paint the *Guernica* mural) his three musicians might easily have become companions to the three violently convulsed dancers in *The three dancers* (No. 110) of 1925. There is no irrational gulf separating the two pictures except in the sense that emotion is itself irrational.

So we may pass on easily by way of the crude harshness of *Women and children on a beach* (No. 130), of 1932, to *Woman and dead child* (No. 145) which is a study for the *Guernica*, the artist's supreme achievement and the complete justification (if any is demanded) of his art of distortion.

If we make one more step, to the *Charnel house* (No. 170), an unsuccessful attempt to do for the last war what the *Guernica* did for the Spanish War, the backbone is complete. I have oversimplified it but, after all, a spine is comparatively simple.

The more recent works, like the *Las Meninas* variations, I regard in the same way as I regard the Blue and Pink Periods. All the many diversions, the realistic and sentimental portraits of friends and relatives, the decorations, the ceramics, even the neo-classicism of the 1920s are, I believe (changing the metaphor), the inevitable result of the cross-currents, undercurrents and counter-currents that temporarily deflect the course of a man swimming alone far out to sea.

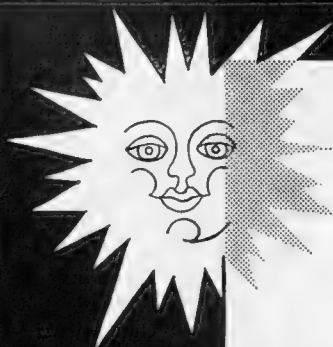
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or as a protective foundation, with cream
rouge and powder. In Four Tempting Shades.

LANCÔME





FINGER TIPS

DON JARVIS

HANDS are the biggest give-away of all—you can skip a late-night cleanse or a daily dose of skinfood, but miss a manicure and the chipped nail or ragged cuticle is plain to see. A weekly manicure at the hairdressers helps, but it isn't enough. You must be prepared to take action at home.

Breaking nails need a long-term campaign to strengthen them. Feed them with Manners Italiana nail cream every night or apply Cutex Strong Nail on its own or under polish. Emergency routine: visit Harrods, where Miss Dedon will build you a sculptured nail (for 7s. 6d.) to last until your own grows again. **Ailing nails** deserve a course of treatments at the Hand & Nail Institute, where scientific help is available (but many hands with nothing wrong at all benefit from their scientific manicures). *Healthinale* aids cuticles and broken nails and *Klenza* hand cream does a better job than soap and water. Ring Hyde Park 7561 for a consultation.

For perfectly groomed hands you couldn't do better

than go to the Peggy Sage Salon at 84 Grosvenor Street. All varieties of treatments are given here—just one is the hot-oil treatment for splitting nails, which costs 12s. 6d. (7s. 6d. for a manicure). A manicurist from the salon can come to your own home in the London area. The newest permutations in the Peggy Sage nail-colour series are *Coral Bell*, *Tropical Orchid*, *Azure Blue*, *Mad Pink* and *Pink Orchid*. The muted shimmer of *Desert Sand* appears in the picture.

Nail notes: File from side to centre with an emery board. Use cuticle remover gently on a small piece of cotton wool fixed on the end of an orange stick. Base coats and sealers are extras and well worth the trouble. Three new versions of what you actually put on your nails are pictured above: Peggy Sage *Desert Sand*; Revlon *Butter Pecan* (which is geared to their new *French Toast* lipstick, eye shadow and *Liquid Eye Liner*) and Jacques Fath's *Jackie*—the lightest, brightest red. Also memorable: *Claude*.

GOOD LOOKS
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON



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YEVONDE

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Engagements

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Borthwick—Butler: Lucilla Blanche, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. M. Borthwick, of Wethersfield Place, Braintree, Essex, married Samuel James, youngest son of the Home Secretary, and the late Mrs. Butler, of Stanstead Hall, Halstead, Essex, at St. Mary Magdalene's, Wethersfield

Moore—Anderson: Jane, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. Hardwick Moore, Ashfurlong Hall, Sutton Coldfield, married Simon, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Anderson, of Manud Essex, at Holy Trinity, Sutton Coldfield

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Weddings

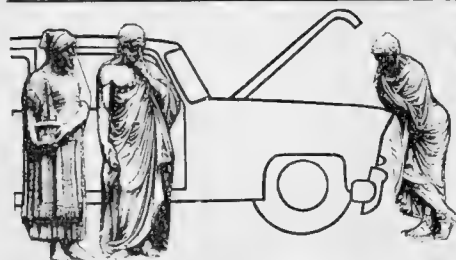


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Gallagher—Connolly: Jane, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. V. Gallagher, of Eaton Square, and Santiago, Chile, married Nicholas, son of Mr. & Mrs. Wilfred J. Connolly, of Parkside, S.W.19, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Weikersheim—McEwen: Cecilia, daughter of Prince & Princess Weikersheim, of Langton Green, Kent, married Alexander, fourth son of Sir John McEwen, Bt., & Lady McEwen, at St. George's Cathedral, S.E.1



MOTORING

by Gordon

Wilkins



The wagon that won't wag

FEW CARS HAVE EVER CAUSED SUCH a sensation as the DS 19 Citroën when it came out a few years ago. Here was a car which seemed to be a generation ahead in design and made everything else on this side of the Atlantic look obsolete. Instead of springs it had a complicated system of compressed gas and hydraulic cylinders which automatically adapted itself to the load in the car so that the back did not swing when the car was fully laden and the car did not become choppy when the driver was riding alone. Front and rear springing systems were interconnected to eliminate pitching when the car drove over a bump or a gully. There were other novelties too; despite Britain's pioneer work on disc brakes for sports cars, Citroën were the first people to put them on a production family car and they were ingeniously controlled by a gadget which varied the proportion of braking on the front and rear wheels according to the load in the car, so that there was less risk of locking of the rear wheels and going into a slide if one had to brake hard without anyone in the rear seats. There was power-

assisted steering with a unique single-spoke steering wheel, which must have saved many injuries to drivers, an automatic clutch and a finger-light servo gear change. Then for good measure there was a translucent roof in plastic material and all other body panels were quickly removable for easy repair, long before the idea was adopted on the Triumph Herald.

There were several other interesting mechanical ideas, but many people were disappointed to find that the engine was a 2-litre 4-cylinder basically similar to that in the Light Fifteen model and looking rather small to propel this big comfortable saloon. Opinions were divided between those who enthusiastically maintained that the new Citroën made all other cars antiquated and the sceptics who predicted that the complicated new gadgets would pose a whole crop of difficult service problems. As usual the truth lay somewhere between the two extremes. Citroën owners did have to put up with teething troubles that could only be rectified by mechanics with more than average skill, but the DS 19 with its

brilliantly original styling soon became a familiar sight on Continental roads.

However, there was no rush among other manufacturers to adopt Citroën design features. The Americans had tried air-suspension instead of springs but it flopped. Disc brakes steadily spread from British sports cars to the more expensive family models. Other manufacturers like Triumph began to take an interest in reducing body repair costs.

To bring the main features of their design within reach of a new section of buyers, Citroën next introduced the ID 19—which cut down the complications by doing without the automatic clutch, the servo braking and the power assistance for the steering. This made a very satisfactory man's car; heavier to handle than the DS but rugged and superbly comfortable. Now there is a station wagon called the Safari which I have been trying. Self-levelling suspension has a special advantage on this kind of car because station wagons sometimes have to carry very heavy loads. With the Citroën suspension

one can vary the ground clearance no matter what load is being carried, so that the car can jack itself up high if it has to be driven over rough country or can be let down close to the ground to give a low-built sporty appearance and the best possible cornering on smooth-surfaced motor roads. In its gadgets the Safari comes somewhere between the DS and the ID, having servo brakes (which the ID does not). There is a small lever by which the ground clearance can be adjusted from the driving seat. Another good feature is a warning light to show if the brake fluid is getting low.

It is certainly one of the most comfortable station wagons ever built and one of the nicest to handle with a full load. Its front-wheel drive pulls it safely round fast corners with very little tendency to roll or sway at the back and it simply ignores the worst bumps and potholes of rough mountain tracks or unmade roads. The only thing that seems to catch it out is a long fast series of sharp undulations such as one sometimes meets in the Scottish Lowlands; but this is a rare phenomenon.

The 66 h.p. engine is a little less powerful than that in the DS and one has to use the gearbox freely to obtain brisk acceleration with a full load. To obtain light steering without power assistance it has been geared fairly low, needing over four turns from lock to lock. All this may give the impression that it is not the most convenient of cars in town, but it turns in a 36 ft. circle which is good for a front wheel drive car with a 10 ft. 3 in. wheelbase, and once out on the open road it really comes into its own, going up to nearly 80 m.p.h. in third and maintaining the same speed in top with the effortless feel of an overdrive. The brakes are controlled by a small button, which looks puny compared with a normal brake pedal but releases all the stopping power one needs. Another good point is the lack of nosedive when the brakes are put on hard.

Passengers on the big rear seat have room to sprawl with their legs out and when it is folded there is a flat floor over 7 ft. long with further carrying space on the tailgate. At the extreme rear are two single seats facing sideways, which also fold. There is an open glove-box but the car has no parcel shelf. Typical of the designers' original approach are the windscreen washer, worked by compressed air obtained from the spare tyre, and the tool box neatly recessed in the centre of the spare wheel.

Some details of fit and finish fall short of the ideal, but this is an interesting and exceptionally comfortable car for people who have to carry varied loads over long distances. Petrol consumption seems to be 20 to 25 m.p.g. Price in England is just over £1,854 including tax.

DINING IN

by Helen Burke



Cataplasm in a packet

ONE OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE cooks of other countries wonder about our taste in food is bread sauce, or what a Spanish lady (if I remember right) in the play *Marigold* referred to as a "cataplasm" or, in plainer English, "poultice." Until I came from Canada to live in England I had never tasted it nor, incidentally, had I ever tasted tripe.

I consistently refused both until, one day, I was persuaded to have bread sauce and was surprised to find that I liked it with roast chicken. There came a day, too, when I tried tripe. I liked it and still do.

To return to bread sauce. It is a nuisance to make. You can, of course, use a slice of crustless bread in a small pan with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2 cloves, a small onion, a pinch of salt and a few grains of Cayenne pepper, simmer them for 15 minutes, remove the onion and

cloves and pass the remainder through a sieve. Or you can start with 2 oz. breadcrumb, which means just that much extra work.

Only recently I have discovered instant bread sauce in packets and excellent it is. Each packet, enough for 4 to 5 servings, costs 6d. The addition of $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling milk is all that is required.

On principle, I do not like "short cuts," but now and again I have to admit that they are a sound idea. For one thing, though bread sauce can be made in the oven, most people cook it on top of the cooker and it then becomes a last-minute job. This instant bread sauce is delicately flavoured but those who like the taste of nutmeg, mace or cloves to be slightly noticeable may like to add a speck of one of them.

Apart from serving bread sauce with roast chicken and, later in the year, grouse, it can be used in

other ways. With sausages, for instance. (This is a Yorkshire favourite.) Or as a base for baked eggs. Make the sauce and pour it into an oven dish. Make slight depressions in the surface and drop a raw egg into each of them. Top each egg with a small nut of butter, then bake in a middling hot oven just long enough to set the eggs.

If you are looking for a new sauce to serve with either hot or cold roast chicken, here is one I like and hope that you will like, too. Grate $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 oz. horse-radish straight across the root so that the pieces will be fine instead of lengthwise, when the strips would be not nearly so pleasant. Add a dessert-spoon each of caster sugar and tarragon vinegar and a fair-sized cucumber, peeled, deseeded and finely chopped or put through a mincing-machine.

Mix well together. Half whip $\frac{1}{2}$ pint double cream and fold it into the other ingredients. Rest in the refrigerator for about an hour. Serve with 2 roasted spring chickens, at once cut in half with kitchen scissors or poultry shears if to be eaten hot. If to be eaten cold, leave them to cool before halving them.

There is something in the thought that young chickens have little flavour in themselves, so one should take just a little more trouble to improve them. Stuffing them with a savoury filling is one way. I like *risotto*—that is, rice which has

been fried first in a little butter, together with a chopped shallot, then simmered in chicken stock heightened with a little dry vermouth. To this one can add the chicken liver, fried in a little butter and then chopped, two sliced mushrooms, plenty of chopped parsley, a pinch of thyme and pepper and salt to taste.

Further additions to the stuffing can be half a dozen sultanas or seeded raisins, or an ounce or so of potted shrimps with the rice and mushrooms for each smallish bird, or a little chopped sweet red pepper. Small cans of these should be in the store cupboard of every experimenting cook.

The birds I have in mind weigh between $1\frac{3}{4}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

Back to sauces. One can make a host of them with the stock from the giblets, neck and feet, well flavoured with onion, a pinch of thyme, a small piece of bay leaf and pepper and salt to taste. This sauce can be so slightly thickened with arrowroot that it is hardly noticeable.

For a cream sauce, blend a little flour into the residue in the baking tin, stir in the strained giblet stock away from the heat, simmer to reduce it, then add as much cream as is desired. Still another suggestion is to work in enough paprika to colour the sauce, after working in the flour as above, then proceed in the same way.

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